

A

REVIEW

OF THE

STATE

OF THE

BRITISH NATION.

Thursday, April 20. 1710.

NO Man will deny, but what Prospect soever we have of Peace abroad, we have a very melancholy View at home; here our Feuds encrease, our Parties grow formidable, and each Side is drawing out, as if they were preparing on both Hands to come to a decisive Battle. It is a sad Truth to tell, how fatally exasperated every Party is, and with what Animosity they appear, their Passions whetted to Extremity, their Blood hot, and their Spirits animated to a most furious Engagement. *God Almighty alone can bring Peace out of all this Confusion.*

I have endeavour'd to remove some vulgar Errors, which I find in Peoples Judgments, about who and who is toge-

ther; for this is a War the like was never heard or read of. The People are fighting and quarreling, pulling down one anothers Houses, and cutting one another Throats; and yet do but ask the poor blinded Creatures *who they are FOR*, or *who against*, they cannot tell you; and indeed, excepting a Few of their Incendiaries, Setters on, and Leaders, they are not at all agreed about who they are *for*, or *who against*. And strange is the Confusion on this Score, as you will observe by the Particulars.

High-Church say, they are for the Church, yet they are in League with the Pretender. *Dr. Sacheverell says*, he is for the Revolution, yet he protests in Behalf of Non-Resistance, by which Doctrine the Revolution

is

is a Rebellion — *High-Church* is for Toleration, yet they pull down the *Dissenters* Meeting-houses: The *Dofor* protests for *Tenderness* to scrupulous Consciences, yet says, that *Dissenters* from the Church ought to be treated as *Traitors* to the State, and leaves them with the Devil and his Angels — Again, they say, they are for the QUEEN, and to demonstrate it, fly out into *Rabble* and *Tumult*; for the Government, and yet break the Peace — They raise the Cry against the *Presbyterians*, but actually shoot their Bow at a Venture at the whole Constitution; they joyn with *Non-Furors* for her Majesty, and to defend the Government, encourage the *Pretender*.

Now to set these Matters right, tho' I am no Man of War, yet I drew you a Scheme in a late Review of the *High-Church* Army, as it was form'd for a Day of Battle, in its Lines, Front, Rear, and Reserves. I describ'd a Few of the General Officers of the Party too; I must beg Pardon of some of the Gentlemen, whose Names the Printer too closely abridg'd, perhaps envying their Glory, and loath to honour them so much, as to record them to Posterity in this Glorious Cause; but I shall endeavour to do them Justice in what is to come. I shall now draw up the Forces of the other Party, and let these People see, who they fight against, that they may consider, if it be not too late, whether they with their ten Thousands are able to fight against him that comes against them with twenty Thousand.

And really, *Gentlemen High-Church*, it is a most dreadful Army that you have to fight with; the Enemy is vastly superiour to you, both in Number and Goodness of Troops, as well as in their Allies and Confederates; and, if you would consider it well, you would see, that you are enter'd upon a very unequal War, and no doubt but the Success will be accordingly.

It is to be observ'd, there has been one pitch'd Battle already, which I am in its Course to describe, in which the *High-Church* Party, like old Soldiers, took Occasion to engage, before the other could get their Forces well together — Yet, as it was, they have had a scurvy Brush; and tho', according to the French Custom, they made

Bonfires and Illuminations for the Victory, it was really, rather because, contrary to their Expectations, they were beaten notwithstanding, than that they do not own themselves to be beaten in the Main; out of this henceafter. I come now to draw up the Army they fight against, and a terrible Power it will appear to be.

The whole Body is drawn up, like — — — — —, by two Lines, with their Wings and Reserves.

The first Line is form'd thus; The Infantry in the Center consisting of 558 Companies, after the Polish Manner, of chosen Men, I say chosen, because they are a Kind of Troops peculiar to this Country, and are pick'd out of the whole Island — And as the Turkish Soldiery are call'd *Janizaries*, the Egyptians were call'd *Mamaluks*, the Muscovites are call'd *Sweliks*, and the Hungarians — So these are call'd *Represensarii*. It would require a long History to give you an Account of these Soldiers — Let it suffice to say, they are Maiden-Troops, they were never conquer'd, they have been slighted and injur'd, and sometimes laid aside in England; and it was always the worse, even for our Kings when they did so — But this is certain, they never were wholly subdu'd; and except a little Shock Oliver Cromwell gave them, they were always invincible — How these People come to be so bewitch'd, as to think to beat them, I cannot tell.

They were led by an old Grey-hair'd General, known and famous over all this Part of the World, he is call'd *Old Constitution*, a Heroe, that has in all Ages been bred to War, has fought with innumerable Tyrants and Usurpers in the *Turks*, and Factions, Robbles, Tumults, and standing Armies out of it, and yet has been ever victorious — He is indeed very ancient — But he is still strong, vigorous, and hearty, and has all his young Blood still running in his Veins — A rare old Fellow he is — That dare see the Enemy upon all Occasions, and has an Iron Face, bracing strong Arms, and gripes terribly with his Hands, for he is as strong as a Giant — But he is not yet so terrible for his Limbs, as for his Wisdom, Prudence, Exactness, Nicety, and Order,

Order, in which he is so exquisite, that there is no defeating him—— He is *Generalissimo* of all the Confederated Forces; his Standard has for its Device, A large ancient Building, representing in one Part a Senate-House, in the other, sundry Courts of Justice, and before the Door a Scaffold for Execution; and under it was written *LEGISLATURE*; on the Top of the Roof were a vast Number of Heads and Limbs of Traytors set upon Spikes; and over it was written in shining Letters, *SACHVERELLITES*.

On the Right Wing was plac'd Squadrons of Royal *Cuirassiers*, arm'd exactly as the Enemies; their Standard represented a Court of Justice, and a condemn'd Criminal at the Bar, with this Motto, *GUILTY UPON MY HONOUR*. On the other side, the *QUEEN* cloath'd like the Statue of Justice, with the Balance of *Europe* in her Hand, the Motto or Device was, *Nemo me impune lacessit*.

These were particularly led by the *QUEEN* Herself, as being by Native Right her Majesty's Guard, not of her Person, but of her Crown, and who with unshaken Loyalty and Zeal support her Authority; and yet They and even her Majesty Herself, fight under the Command of *OLD CONSTITUTION*, the *Heroe* above-nam'd, who is Captain General and Commander in Chief in this War—Her Majesty has under Her, in the Command of this illustrious Body, several Grave and Experienc'd Generals, Able in Action, Steady in Loyalty, and Deep in Council; and unless She is prevail'd with to change them, there is no Fear at all of her Majesty's good Success—— These are such as *Don Pedro Administratio*, Great Treasurer of the Kingdom, a Person of great Authority, Honour, and Experience, as well in the Military as in the Civil Part of this War, and whose Management the adverse Party fears more, than they do all the mighty Forces he commands—— They have us'd all Imaginable Arts, if possible, to weaken his Interest and Authority, and to lessen him in the Favour of the *QUEEN*, and of the Nation, but have always had the Misfortune to see those Endeavours end

in rivetting him the faster; till at last the very People, who were once so weak as to be drawn in by the Party to wish his Fall, are brought to tremble at the Thoughts of it, and to see themselves entirely ruin'd without him.

He had, besides the extraordinary Strength of the great Body of *Cuirassiers* above-nam'd, two separate Bodies of Horse, which extended the Wing a great Length, and were plac'd at some Distance to the Right of the Whole, and which guarded a mighty Train of Artillery. The first Body was compos'd of Citizens, who tho' they are not much us'd to fight, yet are particularly famous for paying those that do; their Standard-Bearer and all their Officers were just new chosen; they are led by a tall Citizen, the Famous *Don Gilberto de Cabarena Corona*, a good Officer of try'd Fidelity, and a Man of Interest in the City; They had for their Device—An old Man sitting at a Table with Money before him, receiving a Foreign Bill of Exchange for 300000 l. from a Servant, and under-writing it, *Accepted*—— Above him was written the Bank, and underneath Publick Credit—On the other side, a Woman representing *Britannia*, sitting at a Table with a large Parcel of Parchments roll'd up before her—Over her Head was written, *Exunds innumerable*; and under her in Capital Letters, *UNEXHARSTED*.

At a Distance from these, and in the Rear was plac'd another Body, still under the Command of the same Great General—These were all old Soldiers, led on by a Noble Soldier, try'd for his Courage and Experience; that had often fought, and has often conquer'd this very Party, and was worthily plac'd at the Head of the Nation's Treasure—— This was *Don Carlo Auditorio Marquis de Polmedillo*; his Device was a Piece of Cannon shooting out a vast Number of Pieces of Paper, which spread over an Island, and which the People gather up with great Joy; and underneath is written, *CRBDIT RECOVER'D*; above, *EXCHEQUER BILLS*; and on the Sides, *his own Invasion*.

These guard the Ammunition for this War, which is the Treasure of the Nation; and

and these are the Troops, by which their Great Lord and General *Administratio* has won all the Victories abroad: For in vain had your Armies fought, if the Treasure had not been mannag'd, and the Credit of the Nation restor'd.

On the Left Wing of this mighty Army, are plac'd 26 Squadrons of Ecclesiastick Horse, every one led by a Mitred General, except indeed that they say, Six of them have absented in this Cause, and are gone over to the Enemy; but their Places will be well supply'd. They are led by *Don Tomasso Tennisfonio*, an Ecclesiastick of eminent Gravity and Integrity, and *Don Gilberto Calednio*, and excellent Soldier of the Church, and whose very Name is dreaded by the *Highb Church* Enemy, for his Policy and his Wit, as well as for his Learning and Piety.

These carry for their Standard, a Cathedral Church, exquisitely built and finely adorn'd; Above is written, *Ecclesia Anglicana*; and underneath, *She is Safe and Flourishing*. On the other side, the QUEEN pointing to the Church, with this Motto, *She has never forsaken it*. On the Left of these, are a firing Body of Horse of 88 Squadrons, all Gentlemen Volunteers, and compleatly furnish'd—Their Generals are too many to enumerate here—But they carry for their Device A large Church also, but with a very low Steeple, and their Motto is *MODERATION*, written in Golden Letters—These are appointed by her Majesty for the especial Guard of the Church, as being the only People that can preserve and defend her.

The second Line of this mighty Army is compos'd of 70 Squadrons of Infantry, old Soldiers, and nicely regulated, their Discipline being most regular and exact; these were all Lawyers, but had taken Arms for the general Defence, as you know in Time of Invasion, none are exempted. They were led by *Don John de Holio*, Knight of the ancient and famous Order of *Magna Charta*, and under him, by twelve Lieutenant Generals of the same Order, cloath'd with Scarlet Robes and Corner'd Caps, that they look'd more like Judges than Generals.


And the Motto upon the Standard was, *Curat Lex*; and above, *The Law guides the Crown*.

On the Right of these were a well disciplin'd Body of *Sons*, part Horse, and part on Foot, as well Gentry, as Ecclesiasticks, with a fine Standard. On one side, the Church of *Scotland* newly built, standing on a high Rock; above was written, *Equally Establish'd and Secur'd*—And underneath, *INDISSOLVIBLE UNION*; and round the sides, *Nemo has nisi periturus mihi adimat*. On the other side, was the General Assembly sitting; and underneath, *Exalt in Discipline*. These were indeed dreadful Troops, and particularly so to our *Highb Church* Army; and 'tis great Pity, I have not Room to tell you their Number, their Officers, their Equipage, and their Order.

On the Left were plac'd the *Dissenters*; great Body of Horse these were, and commanded by good Officers, tho' none of very Eminent Quality; their Motto was, the QUEEN receiving a Petition presented to Her kneeling; above was written in Capitals, *TOLERATION*, and underneath, *Inviolable*.

You shall hear more of these terrible Armies when they come to fight, which cannot be long.

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